

to show how sore he is, he acts as if I've been fixed by the defense. The I-DEE!

"Are you sure this man did not try to influence you yesterday after court?" he roared, pointing to him.

Oh, of course I was sure.

"Aha," he went on, "what did this defendant, Mockorange, say to you?"

I did answer real snippy. "That's my business!" I said. Plainly and firmly I told him it was nobody's business but my own. Anything regarding the diabolical machinations

of the parsnip monopoly, I stated, I was glad to tell. But as to my private affairs, no—not that. It was more than the world had any right to.

"I don't have to answer, DO I, your honor?" I appealed to his nibs, the judge.

"Unfortunately, you do," said the judge. He was one sour-faced old mutt.

The best he could offer was to let me postpone answering till tomorrow. Bum comfort that.

(Continued.)

HOW MANY BABIES?

That Detroit parson is right who said every mated couple should have at least four babies—two to replace the old folks, one to offset natural losses and one as a net increase of population.

Notice he said "at least." Where love and health and comfort dwell, as they ought in every home, four babies wouldn't be enough, because the more the merrier. When you grow sweet corn in the garden, you plant for early, middle and late crops, so that the table will be supplied throughout summer and fall. Well, oughtn't it to be that way with babies? Can you think of a finer or more interesting thing than a row of bright-faced children, ranging downward, like a step-ladder from the grown boy or girl to the dimpled, smiling toddler?

If this old world were running on an even keel and if its passengers were living normal lives, that's the kind of family you'd find most common. Instead of which, it's coming to be almost a curiosity. Everywhere you turn, race suicide stares you in the face. Taxes on bachelors, pensions for mothers, premiums on extra babies and exhortations to parents not to shirk grapple with the high cost of living, the rush toward flats and the revolt of woman in a bitter struggle to see if there are to be enough births to match the deaths.

And, in spite of the good work of the doctors, the deaths are gaining.

That's because we've overcrowded the property deck of the good ship earth and made by far too many sacrifices to the golden calf.

By and by, when we've re-distributed prosperity and given common folks a fairer show, when the ship has righted itself, you may be sure there'll be a return of big families. For there's no crop like the baby crop and no fun equal to watching it grow.

ALWAYS IN IT

Mr. Fuss (furiously)—It's mighty strange you can't look after things a little better! Here I want to shave, and there isn't a drop of hot water here.

Mrs. Fuss (icily)—It is strange! Why, that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you!—Judge.

The Igorots in the Philippines have tobacco smoking down to a science of economy. Old man Ig rolls a cigar that looks like an old-fashioned plum pudding, about 15 inches long and 5 inches thick. He smokes it for an hour, then Mrs. Ig and all the little Igs take turns. By the fourth day it is usually reduced to a "butt."